

Half a Masterpiece by Luddleston

Category: Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Aromantic/Asexual Pidge, Bisexual Lance is bisexual, Car Sex, First Time, Getting Together, M/M, Mutual Pining, Polyamory, art school au, drunk makeouts, nonbinary pidge, too many feelings

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Characters: Allura (Voltron), Hunk (Voltron), Keith (Voltron), Lance (Voltron), Pidge (Voltron), Shay (Voltron), Shiro (Voltron)

Relationships: Keith/Lance (Voltron), Keith/Lance/Shiro, Keith/Shiro (Voltron), Lance/Shiro (Voltron)

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Summary:

Lance didn't expect his freshman course schedule to involve staring at hot, naked dudes, but that's what happens when you're an art major, apparently.

Oh, and some asshole named Keith keeps telling him his major is B.S., which means he has to get in an actual fight with a dude who's got a mullet. College life is weird; thank God he's got the world's best roomies.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

- For [SizzlyCrisp](#).

I basically just wanted to put the kids through art school since I had to do it, so welcome to OT3s and emotions, starring me, crying.

Will eventually have smut, once Lance gets over himself or something

Lance didn't know how he'd gotten here. Well, not "here" specifically, being in his bedroom in a shouting match with Keith was nothing new, but the particulars of this one was where things got sketchy.

For instance, the fact that Keith was yelling at him because Lance was trying to have a *calm, rational discussion* about the fact that Keith had hardcore, no-holds-barred, made out with him last Friday.

"Just forget about it, okay!?"

Yeah, sure, Keith, just let's all forget about the legendary tongue-fucking you dished out three days ago. Lance wasn't about to just go on his merry way like he didn't know what flavor of chapstick Keith used. It was the pomegranate kind. And he kept thinking about it constantly, because even if his brain would let him forget, his dick wasn't too keen on giving up the mental image of Keith leaning away from him, lips wet, eyes unfocused, hair a mess because Lance had just been running his fingers through it and —

"Are you even listening to me?"

"Uh."

Keith huffed, turned on his heel, and started out the door. "Typical," he muttered, and slammed it behind himself, leaving Lance in the middle of his room, staring at the back of his door, wondering two things:

One, should he hang a poster on the back of his door or something? It was looking pretty empty.

And two, how the hell was he going to fix this?

The whole thing started with Figure Drawing.

Lance was a graphic design major. He didn't understand why he had to be in a Drawing I class, and furthermore, what figure drawing was ever gonna do for him, but upon walking into his first session, he realized he was actually cursed, because that asshole, Keith, was sitting right in the middle of the room, sketchbook already out, charcoal smudges all over his fingers.

What the hell could he have even been drawing? Their model wasn't even here yet. Lance rolled his eyes because *god*, that guy was obnoxious, but he was also the only person Lance knew in the room, because their class was split up between two figure drawing sessions and his only friends, because he was a dorky freshman with two friends, were in the other one.

He ended up sitting next to Keith too, because he was the last one there and apparently, the middle of the front row wasn't the most popular spot for nude figure drawing classes. Go figure. Lance had one leg crossed over the other, his nearly-empty sketchbook propped neatly on his knee, a pencil in one hand, his foot bouncing jerkily as he waited for the class to start. Keith looked at him with narrowed eyes, glancing at his sketchbook like having a tiny and very empty one was some kind of art faux pas. Well, Keith, not everyone could have a huge-ass one with paint splatters all over the cover and papers sticking out between the pages. Asshole.

At least Keith returned to his sketching without comment. That put this encounter at about ten times better than when Lance first met him and Keith, who had been polite until Lance told him he was a graphic design major, just said, "oh, so you're a sellout."

Sellout. Pfft. Just because Lance wasn't some kind of soulful fine artist like Keith didn't make him a sellout.

Remembering that conversation had him burning with fury at Keith's everything again, but it all went up in smoke when their model walked in the room. Lance knew that guy. He had a design class with him; he remembered him because he tripped over his left shoe on the way to his seat next to Pidge because gorgeous man was gorgeous and Lance was very bisexual for that.

Lance didn't even know his name, but he didn't care, because how could you care about anything when you were faced with six feet of broad shoulders, dark eyes, and smooth lips. The scar across his nose somehow made him hotter, and the bleached-white part of his hair flopped in his eyes sometimes, and Lance could just imagine himself brushing it out of his face, knuckles smoothing along his temple, framing his flawless eyebrows—oh god was he taking his shirt off?

Lance remembered very suddenly that this was a nude figure drawing session and tore his eyes away from the guy. His blush could be seen from space. No joke, there was an astronaut up there laughing at him.

"So, I'm gonna be your model tonight," Hot Guy said, folding his shirt neatly and setting it on a counter with a sink that was covered in just-washed paintbrushes. "My name's Takashi Shirogane, but you can call me Shiro. I'll be starting with some 30-second poses, and then we'll do some one-minute and five-minute ones. Uh... not really sure what else to say," he said, with a chuckle that was echoed around the room, "if you have any questions, you can ask 'em now... or after I take my clothes off, I guess." Laughter again. Lance was trying really hard not to get a boner, and he was pretty sure it was the force of pure shame that kept him from popping one.

He remembered Keith saying something in their first day of drawing class about figure drawing being a good training exercise, or whatever, Lance forgot that part because Keith was honestly just sucking up to the prof, but Keith had said some bullshit about it not being sexual. Well. Lance wasn't sure what part of having the hottest guy in this entire school naked and posing for them wasn't sexual. It was like the scene out of Titanic, except that Lance wasn't anywhere near as good at drawing as Leonardo Di'Caprio (or whoever drew the picture Leo was supposed to have been drawing).

Oh well. They were freshmen. He bet Keith's sketches sucked just as bad as his, limbs all wonky, the curves not quite right, too stiff, too... unpracticed.

He chanced a quick look at Keith's sketchbook. Fuck him, of course his everything was perfect. The way he drew the model—Shiro—was almost as beautiful as the real thing. Somehow, he captured the curve of Shiro's back and the relaxed ease of his poses perfectly, and Lance was equal parts impressed and infuriated. How was Keith so much better than him already?

Lance glared down at his sketchbook, trying to make the movements of his arm match Keith's, keeping his strokes looser, more... fluid. He couldn't think. The muscles wrapping around Shiro's hips were too distracting, the wings of his hipbones leading straight to... Lance looked down again, scribbling at his sketchbook, caught between overwhelming horniness and underwhelming art skills.

When they got to the longer poses, Shiro sat on a sheet-covered bench with his legs spread, forearms resting on his thighs, balancing more of his weight on his left than on his prosthetic arm. He lifted his head, looking at Lance as he settled into the pose and how the hell was Lance supposed to actually focus on art when Shiro was looking right at him for the entire pose. Of course, Keith started drawing right away, mapping out Shiro's features perfectly, and Lance just settled in for the rest of his hour of frustration. Fuck this class, honestly.

Keith walked up to Shiro to start talking to him as he dressed after the class was over, leaning casually against the wall by the door. He had a smudge of charcoal on his nose like an idiot, and it made Lance chuckle to himself until he watched Shiro reach up and wipe the smudge off. Wait. Were they like. A thing? Was Keith sitting up front in the middle of the classroom because he was completely chill with his boyfriend getting naked for drawing reasons. Was this a thing for them?

"Oh my god this is Titanic," he muttered to himself, slamming his sketchbook shut.

Well. At the very least, some part of this was a shipwreck.

“Hey, just a second,” Shiro said to him as Lance headed for the door. He did a 180 so fast he probably strained something. Apparently, Shiro being in a relationship didn’t make Lance any less attracted to him.

“Yeah?”

“You’re in my Design I class, right?”

“Yeah,” Lance said, shifting out of the way so a group of girls could walk past. “Name’s Lance, hey.”

“Hey,” Shiro echoed, shaking Lance’s hand with his prosthetic one. The robotics in the arm were pretty advanced—Shiro could move his fingers individually and everything. Lance tried not to stare, especially considering he’d just spent an hour staring at Shiro’s body. “So, are you, uh, friends with Keith?” he asked, glancing back and forth between them. Keith laughed in this sort of dismissive way that was, honestly, just plain rude.

“We’re just classmates,” he said, and he literally turned his nose up at Lance. What. An. Asshole.

“You should hang out with us sometime,” Shiro said brightly, like he had somehow completely missed Keith being a total dick. “Do you live on-campus?”

“Uh, no. I have an apartment a block away,” Lance said. It was pretty unusual for a freshman, because most of them wanted the “full college experience,” but honestly, it was cheaper not to live in the dorms, and they didn’t have to worry about Pidge having to fight someone over gendered dorm rules. Plus, this way, he got his own bedroom and nobody had to know what a sad, lonely mess Nighttime Lance was.

Shiro nodded, cracking a smile. “Keith lives in the dorms,” he said, “but I’ve got a loft downtown.”

Of course he did, because Shiro was apparently the world’s most competent human being. He, at the very least, was taking much more advantage of the school’s rec center than Lance ever would. “That’s cool.”

"We should hang out sometime," Shiro said, and Lance no longer gave a single shit about whether Shiro was dating Keith, because Shiro put an arm on Lance's shoulder and gave him this dazzling, 1950's pinup model smile of a grin and Lance. Just. Melted. Someone would have to mop him off the floor later, because he was doing his best impersonation of a popsicle on the fourth of July.

"Yeah," he said, breath not coming out quite right (melted lungs, probably), "we should."

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Lance gets sucked into intramural basketball, Keith attempts to flirt, Shiro is the only one who actually succeeds at anything here.

Notes for the Chapter:

tbh, I wasn't sure if I should include the next bit in this chapter or make it its own, since it's kinda long, but a little too short for a full chapter, so you'll probably get a short-ish chapter in the next few days, and then shit is gonna get REAL.

Lance was struggling to get through a solid page of his World Civ homework the next week when he was approached by the only other human being that could compare to the beauty and perfection that was Shiro.

Allura was wearing a buttercup-yellow sundress with geometric cut-outs that showed little triangles of her dark skin, and Lance was instantly reminded of exactly how bisexual he was. She had her hair done up in all these tiny little box braids that zigzagged across her head and into a neat ponytail, and Lance *still* couldn't tell if it was dyed that color or naturally so platinum it looked silver.

“Hey?” he said, because she'd just stopped in front of him and stared for a moment.

“Oh! Sorry, Lance, I was reading the title of your book,” she said. “Now that I know it's a textbook, it makes a little more sense why you'd be reading that monolith.”

“Hey!” he repeated, affronted this time, “I can be *intellectual* if I want.”

Allura raised the straw of her iced coffee to her lips and gave him a long, disbelieving look while she drank. “Right. Well. I wanted to know if you

and the others would be interested in the intramural basketball tournament next week.”

If she thought he had enough friends for a basketball team, she’d severely overestimated his social skills. He didn’t say that, though, and he didn’t even give another, more sensible excuse, like *I have to ask Pidge and Hunk if they’d want to first*, he just said, “you don’t have to ask to see me in action, Allura.”

“Ugh,” she said, but she grinned a little. “Just be there, alright? I’ll be refereeing.”

“Not cheerleading?”

“Goodbye, Lance,” she said, shoving the brim of his baseball cap down over his eyes.

Great. Now he had to find the other half of a basketball team. And convince Pidge and Hunk to run around a gym for an hour. He wasn’t really sure which one would be more difficult.

Turns out, when the art department’s local beefcake decides to befriend you, forming a basketball team isn’t too hard, that is, if you’re willing to let that asshole Keith on your team. Lance would rather have competed without a pissy little art nerd dragging them down, but Keith was actually pretty good, because he’d apparently been on the basketball team in high school, despite the fact that he couldn’t’ve been over 5’5”.

Hunk and Pidge were easily convinced with the promise of matching T-shirts and Lance buying pizza afterward, respectively. Pidge also negotiated that they be in control of naming the team, so they ended up calling themselves “Team Voltron” because Pidge *had* to come up with something that sounded like it was straight out of a 90s cartoon about robots. At least their T-shirts were cool, thanks to Hunk’s in-deal with a buddy of his who worked at a screenprinting shop—they had matching lions in white, but were all wearing a different color (Lance picked blue, to match his eyes, in hopes that one of the two extremely attractive human beings attending the game would notice).

“We’re fucking dead,” Pidge said as soon as they saw the other team, the Gladiators, across the court.

“We’ll be fine,” Shiro said, “and it’s just an intramural game anyway, doesn’t matter if we win or lose.”

“Yes it does!” Lance said, at the same time Keith said, “It matters!” Apparently, the two of them agreed on one thing.

They probably also both agreed on how it was a gift from the heavens that Shiro had decided to cut the sleeves *and* the entire sides out of his shirt, turning it into something that was a mix between a tank top and an excuse to show off his obliques.

They were *great* obliques.

Turns out, the Gladiators, a hulking bunch of frat boys who were all decked out in Under Armor, were a little scared of Shiro.

More precisely, they were scared of Shiro’s prosthetic arm, and it seemed to be a pretty even split between “scared because they would break it,” and “scared because it would break them.” Anyway, whenever Shiro was on offense, Team Voltron did really damn well, despite the fact that Pidge and Hunk spent more time running headlong into Lance when he was trying to check out Allura than actually playing. Although. That one might’ve been Lance’s bad.

Shiro being the anchor of their team meant he got all hot and sweaty real fast, and he tied his hair back during halftime with a ponytail holder Allura lent him, little wisps coming out of the messy ponytail to stick to his forehead with sweat and sweet *baby Jesus*, *he lifted his shirt up to wipe off his face and Lance was hit with a straight-on view of tight abs, sculpted hips, and neat (trimmed? or naturally that way?), dark hair veering down toward—fuck. Lance knew what was in those shorts. He’d seen Shiro naked, why was this so much more sensual?*

Keith walked past and bumped his shoulder against Lance’s, probably to distract him from his leering, and Lance frowned at him because he liked

leering. "Shut up," he said, even though Keith hadn't said anything.

Their win was 90% Keith and Shiro's doing and 10% was pure luck, but Lance was still gonna celebrate like it'd been his singular effort. Hunk hugged the four of them all at once, and it may have been the sweatiest, grossest group hug Lance'd ever experienced, but he ended up with his face pressed into Shiro's chest, which he was not complaining about even a little.

During their next Drawing I class, Keith was staring at him. Lance thought it was a little creepy, unsettling to say the least, because Keith, who tried to ignore him like it was some kind of competition he was trying to medal in, was suddenly focused on his face. "Is something wrong with my hair?" he asked, and Keith blinked like he'd been startled out of a deep thought.

"No, I was just thinking," he said, "you should model for figure drawing sometime."

Lance snorted. "Why would I do that? You make fun of my scrawny ass enough."

"I've just been thinking we need more male models," he said. It wasn't a lie, Shiro was the only one they'd had thus far—apparently, most dudes weren't that comfortable with stripping it all off in front of half the freshman art majors. "You seem like you're self-absorbed enough not to get embarrassed by it."

"Oh my god, so that was just an insult."

"Took you a bit," Keith observed.

"Fuck you. Jesus, Keith."

Lance went back to his still life with a particularly pissy vigor.

"You know, I could be sexy if I wanted to," he said, because he still couldn't get over the fact that Keith thought he was just self-absorbed, the bastard.

When Keith gave him a flat, disbelieving look, he had to defend himself further. “I could! I just prefer my charming, flirtatious self.”

“Flirtatious?”

“Well, obviously I don’t flirt with you,” Lance said. Pfft. As if. Plus, if Keith was on the receiving end of Lance’s flirting, he’d totally lose his shit. Lance could have him swooning if he wanted to, but it was beside the point because who would even want to? Well, aside from Shiro. All the close-talking and

“Right, of course not,” Keith said. How did everything he said always sound so bland? He had the vocal inflection of a piece of plain toast. Maybe less than that.

Keith finished his still life while Lance was still struggling to get the skull to actually look like a skull and not a circle with more circles on it, and he stood, packing up his stuff and making for the classroom door. “You know, if you like Shiro, you should just tell him, because you suck at the subtle approach.”

“The hell? Isn’t he your boyfriend?”

Keith gave him a weird look. “No?”

“But—you guys... I mean, you look like you’re—“ Lance struggled for a way to say it that didn’t sound offensive, gesturing aimlessly with his hands as he spoke. Keith just sighed and shook his head.

“We’re friends,” he said, frowning, “just friends.”

“Oh.”

Lance watched Keith leave, watched the steady, straight set of his shoulders, and wondered how the hell they could just be friends. After all, Shiro was gorgeous, and Keith was... well, Keith was pretty hot, too, before you knew what an asshole he was, and Keith wasn’t even an asshole to Shiro, he just sort of backed off around him, and it made Lance think, well.

If they weren't boyfriends right now, they probably would be someday. And Lance would still be dicking around, trying to hit on people way out of his league.

Whatever. He went back to making his skull look like a skull.

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Keith gets invited over for movie night, Lance hates zombies, and Shiro's boobs are nice for the cuddling.

Notes for the Chapter:

If anyone wanted to know the secrets of what is happening with this fic, the answer is: I don't know

I've lost control

“Um, excuse me, what are you doing in my house?”

“It’s an apartment,” Keith said, from where he was coolly lounging on the couch in the middle of the living room. “And I’m watching a movie with Pidge.”

Lance wasn’t exactly sure how Keith was doing that, because the TV wasn’t on and Pidge was nowhere to be seen. It’d be stupid for Keith to lie about what the hell he was doing in the living room, though. “Uh-huh. Where’s Pidge?”

“Bedroom,” Keith said, jerking his thumb at the hallway. “They’re getting the movies.”

Lance stalked off down the hallway, determined to ask Pidge what the actual fuck he was doing inviting Lance’s worst enemy over for movie night. Well. Lance’s greatest enemy was actually wet floors while he was wearing socks, but Keith came close. “Pidge, what the hell?” Lance asked, once he found Pidge with their head in the bookshelf.

“Oh, hey,” Pidge said, standing with an armful of DVD cases. Pidge and Hunk’s bedroom had almost a distinct divide down the middle from where it went from Hunk’s yellow everything to Pidge’s mountain of tech. They

had the bigger room, of course, because it was the two of them sharing it, but it didn't look like the bigger room when the two of them were so messy.

“What are you doing?”

“Trying to decide between classic vampire horror and gory zombie movies.”

“No, I mean why is *he* here!?” Lance was bordering on hysterical now, while Pidge calmly sorted through their stack of DVDs, flipping some of them over to check the covers.

“Because you and Hunk wimp out during horror movies,” Pidge explained.

Lance folded his arms over his chest. “You’re betraying our friendship, Holt.”

“And *you* made me keep the lights on during *Carrie*, which is barely even a horror movie!” Pidge scooped up an armful of DVD cases (apparently the vampires or zombies debacle was being taken to Keith for consideration) and pushed past Lance into the hallway. “You’re welcome to join if you want to, but you can’t turn the lights on again.”

“You drive a hard bargain, my small friend,” Lance said, but he followed Pidge into the hallway, because he wasn’t a wimp and he could handle a little blood and guts.

“Where’s Hunk?” Lance asked, because Hunk could predictably be found in the kitchen around this hour, making it smell like heaven because the guy could totally cook. He probably got so many girls with that. Whatever. Lance needed someone to hide behind when the movie got too scary who wouldn’t make fun of him for it and who wasn’t small, bony, and too short to block his view of the carnage.

“With Shay,” Pidge said, handing Keith the movie options. “Probably buried under a half-ton of rock in the sculpture department.”

Keith sorted through them, but he looked curiously at Lance over the top of the stack. "You're watching it with us?"

"Uh. Yeah," Lance said, like it was the most obvious thing in the world, because *of course* he was man enough to handle some gore. "Listen, though. I'm swearing you two to secrecy: neither of you are allowed to tell Shiro or Allura just how much I scream during this movie."

"Dude, Shiro's on his way over here," Pidge said, and Lance groaned in a desperate sort of anger as he sunk down onto the couch next to Keith.

When Lance swore in Spanish, it all strung itself into one word, normally muttered under his breath, a habit he'd picked up from making sure Mamá didn't hear him. This time, it was, "méteteloportuculo," and Pidge, knowing Lance's habit of groaning foreign curses into his hands when he was utterly at a loss for anything else, didn't even bat an eye.

Keith looked at him like he'd just done some kind of Exorcist-level bilingualism. Yeah. Pidge had made him watch that one, too. "What?"

"What's what?"

"What'd you just say, obviously."

"I told Pidge exactly where they could shove it," Lance translated, well, sort of translated, sprawling on the couch and not giving a shit when his knee knocked into Keith's, popping the apparently enormous personal space bubble Keith had. "Okay, then," Lance said, "you just have to pretend it's completely normal that I scream my head off every time a vampire bites someone's neck out of nowhere."

"We're watching the zombie one," Keith corrected him, and Lance sank further into the couch. Maybe he could become one with the cushions, and no one would ever realize he had disappeared into a land of lumpy stuffing and beer stains. "It's okay," Keith said, when he noticed Lance making a solid attempt to convince the furniture to accept him as one of their own. "Shiro will probably let you cuddle him if you're scared."

Lance still couldn't see how he was going to survive this whole night.

Shiro, true to Pidge's words, showed up a few minutes later, looking extra-smoochable in a long T-shirt that fell to the tops of his thighs and a pair of leggings that looked really soft. He had his hair up in a headband, too, which Lance had always thought looked douchey on most guys, but on Shiro, it was endearing.

Shiro also sat between him and Keith, which Lance appreciated, because Keith was the actual worst. And, Shiro did that thing where he casually threw his arm over the back of the couch, which meant he *kind of had his arm around Lance*, and it was even better than getting crushed in a group hug by Hunk.

Hunk, as a matter of fact, had shown back up right after the movie started and was spending most of it oscillating between eating all the popcorn and hiding his face in Pidge's lap while Pidge tried to kick him in the head.

Lance couldn't blame him, though. The movie was a gore-fest, with heads getting lopped off, and intestines spilling out, and *oh god, he should not have gone for the gummy worms*. One particularly nasty head-cracking startled Lance so hard he bumped against Shiro's side, and then promptly almost died of embarrassment. Shiro didn't seem to mind, though, he just looped his arm around Lance's shoulders and yep, he definitely *had* died, because this was heaven. Shiro smelled like nice aftershave and laundry detergent, and Lance could lay his head on his shoulder from here without it seeming too weird.

The next time he flinched (because it took him a minute to remind himself that zombies who could bite through a human skull were a little unrealistic), Shiro ran soothing fingers down his arm, and rested his chin on top of Lance's head and *holy mother-loving shit, they were cuddling*. "You okay?" Shiro said quietly, and he was so okay, he was beyond okay, he was fantastic and Shiro was so warm, and he didn't even mind when Lance put an arm around his waist.

"Oh. Yeah. Fine," Lance said, because apparently he wasn't gonna make it past monosyllabic sentences.

“Cool,” Shiro said, squeezing him a little tighter, and Lance was gonna have to find some way to suggest more horror movie nights without raising Pidge’s suspicion, because this was everything a boy could want.

Things got a little weird when the movie ended, mostly because Keith looked *pissed* at him for some reason. He couldn’t figure out what the hell Keith’s deal was, because he hadn’t *done* anything, and he only screamed once. Hunk was way more annoying than that! Oh well. Lance wasn’t going to let Keith ruin his fantastic mood, because he still smelled like Shiro’s aftershave, all pine-tree-like and sexy, and he was fucking pumped about it. Keith could go get eaten by zombies. Honestly.

Author's Note:

Visit me on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula if you want to experience more of me having feelings about gay space kids!